

# The World.

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## HOW MUCH FURTHER DELAY?

The operators having gained their point and the mining regions being now policed by the entire National Guard of Pennsylvania, a force ample to assure the "safety alike for mine owner and striker" asked for, how long are we to wait for a general reopening of the mines and a renewal of coal producing?

Apparently an indefinite period if the operators are permitted to use their own discretion in the matter. The vague statement was made yesterday on behalf of the owners that "after an effective peace-keeping patrolling system has been established the mines will be able to run to 50 per cent. of their capacity." President Truesdale made the confident prediction that "in a few weeks there will be nothing left of the strike." A loose generalization, quite consistent with previous utterances.

Gov. Stone's time limit of ten days within which "the operators must prove their ability to open up and work their mines" would seem to be a sufficient allowance. It is not unduly long, but if with that margin of time the operators cannot make a satisfactory showing of activity in renewing work, not necessarily to the extent of a 50 per cent. output but a convincing and energetic endeavor promising a full resumption of mining operations later on, then will the Governor be justified in "exercising the fullest extent of the State's power to compel the production of an adequate fuel supply."

The public has waited entirely too long for even this partial resumption of work and is impatient of every day of further delay. And what's law for the miners ought to be law for the operators.

**Punishment to Fit.**—Damages to the amount of \$12,670 have been awarded J. B. Hughes in the New Jersey courts for injuries received in a runaway caused by Felix Warburg's automobile. Apparently we are progressing fast beyond the \$10 fine era of automobilism. The punishment in this case comes near fitting the crime. It was a Jersey court also, it should be remembered, which first made death by injuries inflicted in a runaway caused by an automobile indictable as manslaughter.

## NO MONEY FOR ALDERMEN.

Officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad announced yesterday that they would pay nothing to expedite the passage of the tunnel franchise through the Board of Aldermen. "The time for giving up big sums to city officials for franchises that are necessary to the public welfare is past now," said one of the officials, "and the Pennsylvania Company will not pay a penny for such a service."

This announcement will effectively crush any cherished Aldermanic hopes of "assisting" to steer the franchise through. It may seem a bold stand for the road to take in thus antagonizing the honorable Board, but it is doubtless reckoning on the public's desire to have the gigantic project carried out. This desire will lead to a careful scrutiny of Aldermanic motives in opposing it.

In making their announcement the Pennsylvania officials throw out hints about a matter concerning which the public would gladly have further information. They intimated that it cost \$20,000 to secure favorable action on the Rapid Transit Company's application for an extension of the subway through Lenox avenue. If the road will furnish particulars as to facts and names any reasonable favor it may ask will be willingly granted in return by a grateful public. Valid data about the existence of boodling among municipal officials are of vital importance to the community and insinuations about possessing them should not be lightly made.

**Grout Also Heard It.**—Comptroller Grout, too, has "heard" repeatedly that those interested in getting the Lenox avenue change passed by the Aldermen were forced to pay \$20,000 for the grant. Only a rumor, perhaps. But the Pennsylvania officials heard it and Grout heard it. Now if another can be found who has heard it the basis of an investigation may be had. If "what I tell you three times is true" there may soon be occasion to hunt this snark.

## A VETERAN POLICEMAN.

Police Capt. Allaire, who retires at seventy-three, has had a career rich enough in incident to make a not uninteresting novel. Beginning life as a volunteer fireman, the regulation way of ambitious youth in old New York, he became assistant foreman of an engine company that was the rival of Tweed's "Big Six." Next on the force as a policeman. Then, the war breaking out, captain of volunteers, major, lieutenant-colonel, brevet brigadier-general. Then back on the force, not as now for military men as commissioner or deputy, but in the ranks as patrolman. This was in 1865. Allaire became a sergeant soon afterward and captain in 1867. He retires now because of defective eyesight.

The captain goes into private life with a fortune of a million, most of it acquired, as in the case of some other police fortunes, in "real estate," but in this instance the said real estate was not "corner lots in Japan," but ancestral property at Corlears Hook. It may be said of many New York millionaires of the old time that "their farm was their fortune," and in a lesser degree this applies to Allaire. It is to other police captains that a young patrolman must look for incentives to be thrifty and save his salary.

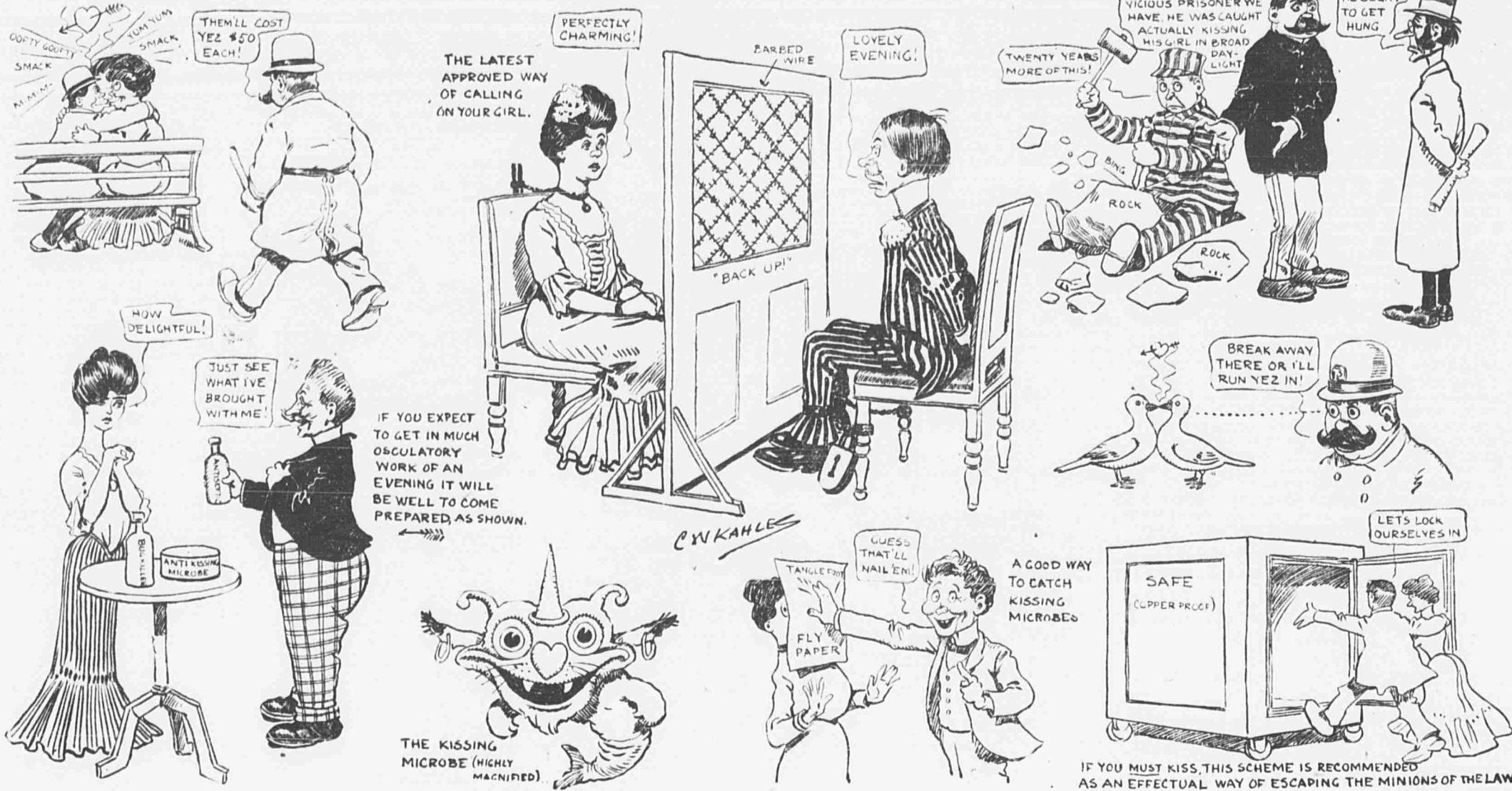
## THE CORONER'S COMPLAINT.

The Coroners think they have just cause for complaint against the District-Attorney and the police because their time-honored function of taking the first official view of a corpse is invaded and interfered with. They are especially vexed at the precipitate haste of the police in cases of suicide by inhaling gas. "Very often," said Coroner Jackson yesterday, "the police open the windows and let the gas out, thereby destroying the most important evidence."

We must regard the point as well taken and the contention as amply sustained. For look you! When the gas is let out how is a Coroner or any one else, even an analytical chemist, to know that the density of the atmosphere was sufficient to cause the death of the corpse? And look you further! If a policeman turns off the burner from which the gas is escaping how is the Coroner to know whether the corpse turned it on with suicidal intent or by accident? And look you again! If a policeman can do these things unrestrained how is a Coroner to be certain whether the corpse was not lying face downward instead of on his side when he breathed his last? May not the policeman have moved him? Police men are so prone to rush in where it should be treaded first that it is to be hoped will be done about it. It is a crying evil in the city.

## The Gentle but Desperate Crime of Kissing.

It Needs Curbing, as Artist Kahles Shows.



There is no kiss famine yet, but if the law keeps on its ruthless course and men are jailed for the larceny of a kiss or two, as a Binghamton, N. Y., man was the other day, and sweethearts are fined \$10 for the lascivious smacks they bestow upon each other freely, as a Newark couple were on Monday, and the kiss microbe keeps on growing bigger and more blood-curdling, kisses will be as scarce as coal by and by, and will cost probably ten times as much per ton. For a great all-around danger-barker the modern kiss seems to have no peer. So, girls, beware of it!

### QUALIFIED.



College Trainer (to new arrival)—What makes you think you can play football?  
Texas Aspirant—Well, once I fell down in a stampede and the herd ran over me.

### NOT TO BE TRUSTED.



He—I wonder why that Mrs. Frisbie runs from a cow? I don't know the cow would eat her.  
Mary—I thought so, too, dear. She'll tell you can't tell. She's a grass widow, you know.

### RESPECT.



Ida—Yes, Tom actually tried to kiss Miss Olde last night. I thought he had more respect.  
Mary—I thought so, too, dear. There is a man who respects himself, a man who respects himself.

### THE BETROTHAL.



Angelica—Are you sure you can support me in the style to which I have been accustomed?  
Hildegarde—You shall dress just as elegant as me, and Vanderbilt himself couldn't speak no fairer'n that.

### NOT EXACTLY.



Little Theodore—Shall I take your hat, Miss Peake?  
Miss Peake—No, thank you; but you're a polite little man, all the same.  
Little Theodore—No, 'tain't that. I just wanted to get the hatpin to stick into Tommy's hair and his going to have a fight in the hall.

## THESE CARICATURES WERE SUPPRESSED.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR.  
"By the shade of my Imperial grandfather, I will make the hairdressers bankrupt."



A SUPPRESSED POSTCARD CARICATURE OF LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS.  
The heavy hand of the French Government has suddenly swooped down on and put out of business the publisher of a series of cartoon postcard cards which, although cleverly drawn and of a humorous character, are alleged to hold some of the crowned heads of Europe up to ridicule. All of the stock in trade of these cards which were in possession of the publisher at the time were confiscated when his place in Paris was raided, and these, it is said, have been burned.



"NICHOLAS II., THE EMPEROR AND AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS."  
"The dullest of all the tyrants."



VICTOR EMMANUEL III., KING OF ITALY.  
"The heir of his father."



"THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA."  
In other words, of Austria-Hungary.



MR. KRUGER.  
"The only thing that annoys me is to be their colleague."

## HOW'D SHE LOOK AT THE OPERA?

The women of the Koli and Larka tribes in Bengal are conspicuous for the richness, variety and massiveness of their face and hair ornaments—plates, bangles, pins, chains, earrings, nose rings and lip rings of gold, silver and bronze, with real or imitation pearls, the whole often weighing as much as thirty pounds! Yet this profuse ornamentation is designed and worn with good taste. Its object is to frame and enhance the beauty of the face, rather than to dazzle the beholder.

Love of excessive ornament is world-wide, but good taste is not so common. The Malet and Massal women of East Africa wear from twenty to thirty pounds of beads, iron chains and wire wound around their heads, necks, waists, arms and legs with grotesque effect. In more highly civilized communities adornments are reckoned by pounds, not avoirdupois, but sterling. Calcutta's consort is said to have worn on one occasion \$200,000 worth of pearls and emeralds, and at a costume ball recently given by the Duchess of Devonshire a lady who impersonated Cleopatra was ablaze from head to foot with diamonds, the value of which was estimated at a million and a quarter of dollars.

## MUMMIES MAKE PAINT.

Not many persons are aware of the fact that the best brown paint used by artists is made from human bodies. Brown artists' colors are made from mummies taken out of the Egyptian mausoleums, says Stray Stories.

When a person died in the East a century or two B. C. he was preserved in the finest bitumen. The remains of a body treated thus in those times, on being unwrapped to-day, present an appearance similar to light-colored leather. The bitumen and the leather-like remains are ground down by machinery, and turned into a beautiful brown liquid paint, the delight of all artists.

The big color dealers generally keep a mummy locked away in an airtight case for use when required.

## GAELIC.

Gaelic is the only language spoken by 9,422 inhabitants of Galway, 2,458 of whom are between three and eighteen years of age.

## COAL.

It is estimated that, allowing a yearly output of 600,000 tons, the stock of anthracite in Pennsylvania will last eighty years.

## A FEW REMARKS.

The Dove of Peace, which has just settled over the Ninth District, may have delayed its advent until after the campaign, fearing lest the "Best Chief" present it, as a meal, to some hungry voter.

"Aren't you a bit off in saying you won \$10 on the races to-day? I heard you lost \$20."

"So I did. But I borrowed \$30 from a friend on the way home."

"They say if you put whiskey in a man's breakfast coffee it will cure him of all desire for liquor."

"Well, I tried it on John, and all he said was: 'That's the first cup of coffee you ever made that could equal my mother's.'"

Mrs. Parke—Your husband has been very ill, hasn't he?  
Mrs. Lane—I never saw him so ill. Why, for two weeks he never spoke a cross word to me.—Brooklyn Life.

About one day in ten October shows us what it could do if it chose to.

Will the police have to face their new Piper's music?

"He's cheated justice, after all."

"How?"

"He was imprisoned for life, and he died before his term was half expired."

First Mouse—You don't mean to say you are afraid of women?  
Second Mouse—No, I'm not afraid of them, but they have such a way of screaming, you know. Really, it just appals me completely.—Boston Transcript.

He had a little office on the twenty-seventh floor.

Whither elevators bore him in the good old days of yore.

But the coal strike famine quickly made the elevator balk.

So those twenty-seven weary flights the man was forced to walk.

And as he reached the twenty-fifth, this wish expressed his soul:

"Would I could soar up high as quick as doth the price of coal!"

"He is always trying to borrow money from comparative strangers."

"I don't blame him. Those are the only people he has the faintest chance of getting it from."

She was a teacher in one of the lower classes, and she was trying to remind the young scholar of the letter "c." "Now, Tommy, what comes at the end of dinner?"

"Oh, yes, ping-pong," shouted Tommy joyfully.—Yonkers Statesman.

Baldwin says he wasn't seeking the Pole. Maybe he was just getting in training for the coming winter in New York.

The most independent of the St. Louis bachelors will degenerate into a mere time-server as soon as he gets into jail.

"No man ever dared to try to kiss me."

"Maybe some one would if you went to a masked ball."

A widow (affectionate Mrs.)

Said: "How can I learn what a Krs.?"

But her sweetheart said, "Well, if you'll vow not to tell, I'll confide to you, dearest, that thrs."

While on an automobile trip State Senator James K. Flood, of Hart, Mich., was overtaken by a runaway horse.

The Senator called out: "Joe, is your horse crazy?" "No," he replied. "He only made me think you take his job."—Kansas City Star.

The three American notables who were held up in England for speeding in Sir Thomas Lipton's automobile would have been spared that annoyance if they had ridden in his T-car.

From Liberty to Lion is a long step in the march of donations.

The rifle shots were rattling, the Gatling guns were galling.

The cavalry and cannon dashed o'er victims through the fray.

Said a stranger: "If they'd thought to have a cable car and auto."

This battle'd be the image of the rush hours on Broadway."

Mr. Kreezus—What is that tropical landscape worth?

Mr. Dealer—Two hundred and fifty dollars.

Mr. Kreezus—I'll take it. I want to hang it in the parlor. It will be cheaper than having a fire in the grate.—Chicago Tribune.

Kisses have been appraised in Newark at \$10 per. And not on account of their scarcity, either.

The "hot air" engendered by conferences, appeals, mass-meetings and proclamations has not yet raised the mercury of lowered the price of coal.

"You say you spanked the cat, Johnny?"

"What did she do then?"

"She scratched me six times, mamma, so I told her the truth when I said: 'This spanking hurts me more than it does you, Kitty.'"

The expression "coal to burn" is fast replacing "money to burn."

## SOMEBODIES.

BISHOP, BRIG-GEN. W. H.—Intends to retire soon from the United States Army, where he has served for over forty years.

CLUT, BISHOP—should be immune from coal-famine discomfort, if any man is. He has been preaching in the Arctic regions for over forty-five years, with only two or three visits to civilized lands.

HOE YOW—Chinese Consul to San Francisco, has imbibed American finance to the extent of organizing a Steel and Iron Company, capitalized at \$200,000. The new concern, which will be operated in China, is run mainly by Chinese merchants in America.

M'NAMEE, MAYOR—of Cambridge, Mass., is trying to alleviate the suffering of the local poor during the coal strike by selling for their benefit the wood of the town's old school buildings.

ROLO, PRINCE—son of the Muree of Rajputana, is about to become a student of the University of California. He will be the first East Indian Prince to come to our Western State to be educated.

## TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

### Yes, to Both Questions.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can a President be a Catholic, or can he legally run for President more than twice?

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Are there colored policemen in New York?

E. HALE.

### Thinks It Impossible.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Referring to the person who says he can walk from Nineteenth street and Broadway to Wall street in twenty minutes, I fancy he made a mistake. He should have said one and one-half hours. Probably he meant to say that

he could cover the distance on a bicycle in twenty minutes.

E. J. LOCKWOOD.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Would most heartily endorse the remarks of Mrs. Woodward, who complains of Harlem masher. It is a crying shame that respectable women, married or single, cannot walk on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street without being a target for the insulting leers, malicious glances and insinuating smiles of well-dressed toughs and scoundrels.

A number of times my attention has been called to one of these thugs following or otherwise annoying a woman,

to all intents and appearance eminently respectable. The police should make these toughs move on, and thus protect our wives, mothers and sisters.

W. H. H.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read about a little boy arrested for stealing bread because he was hungry. Well, I hope that he will not be sentenced, for we need good sentences for those who are raising prices above the reach of the poor people.

MR. KRUGER.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In reply to Mr. Thomas W., who

asks, "Do sheep drink water?" allow me to say any boy who ever read the Bible can point to Genesis xxix, 3, also Exodus ii, 17, where it tells about Jacob and Moses having watered the sheep of their respective employers. I am eleven years old.

AARON LEMER.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can some kind reader interpret this dream? About five weeks after my beloved mother died I dreamed we were both in Rome and were going to attend some funeral mass held in St. Peter's and celebrated by the Pope. I do not remember whether I saw the mass going on or not. But afterward the Pope saw us, giving my mother a special blessing.

A Strange Dream.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I wish readers who have had love affairs would give me some sort of idea how I can tell if a girl is in love with me or not. In novels it tells how the hero's love-secret is revealed by the heroine's love-secret in the night school I went to. So I can't tell if a girl is looking at me with love or merely with curiosity; whether she is turning on a love light or is merely bothered to see my tie slipping up over the back of my collar. Won't readers give me a line on how to tell if a girl loves me? Don't get silly and say: "Ask her." For I'll ask no woman to be Mrs. Me until I'm pretty sure she cares for me. AXO.